

## ALICE.

Words by W. Guernsey.

MUSIC BY J. ASCHER.

Andante con espressione. ♩ = 96.

1. The birds sleep - ing gent - ly, Sweet Ly - ra gleam - eth bright; - Her rays tinge the  
2. The night dew was fall - ing, Just as it fall - eth now, - And all things slept

1. for - est, And all seems glad to - night, The winds sigh - ing by me  
2. gent - ly! Ah! Al - ice, where art thou? I've sought thee by lake - let, I've

1. Cool - ing my fe - ver'd brow; The stream flows as ev - er, Yet Al - ice where art thou? One  
2. sought thee on the hill, And in the pleasant wildwood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've

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1. year back this e - ven, And thou wert by my side, And  
2. sought thee in for - est, To heav'n I'm look - ing now; To

1. thou wert by my side, Vow - ing there, thou would'st love me; One  
2. heav'n I'm look - ing now. Oh! there, mid the star - light, I've

1. year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my side, Vow - ing that a  
2. sought thee in for - est, To heav'n I'm look - ing now. Oh! there a

1. thou would'st love me, Al - ice, what - e'er be - tide.  
2. mid the star - light, Al - ice, I know art thou.

## MATED BY MAGIC.

A STORY WITH A POSTSCRIPT.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,  
AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET OF THE SEA," "THEIR  
LAST MEETING," ETC.,  
AND  
W. H. POLLOCK,  
EDITOR OF THE LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW.

PART II.

At last Cameron opened the library door, walked round, and came straight out again, and made immediately for the staircase, mounted it and passed into the gallery until he reached the blue room, of which he at once opened the door. Then there were murmurs from those who watched him like those to be heard when fireworks are let off. As soon as he had opened the door Cameron shut it again, and stood outside in hesitation. Then he went down the gallery and tried every door with intense deliberation. When he had done this he stood again as one in doubt, and then again ran as hard as he could to the blue room, opened the door and rushed in. Hardy followed with the lantern, holding it so that those behind could see what happened. What happened was this: Cameron went to the bracket, put his left hand against the wall, straightened himself up as if by a great effort, and just reached the base of the vase with his right hand.

"He'll break it," whispered Sir Kensington, upon whom his wife turned a look of scorn, which missed its effect because he did not see it.

Very carefully and slowly Cameron took down the vase without the slightest appearance of risk; but when he had it safe, as he thought, in both his hands, he shivered, and uttered so low a cry that it was scarcely heard by those who were nearest to him, rushed forward to save the vase, and, supporting it with one hand, laid the other heavily on Cameron's shoulder, as if to infuse new magnetism into him.

From that moment Cameron's descent to the conservatory was a triumphal march. There was no longer any question of the dark lantern, and people hesitated not to wonder in loud voices if he would restore the vase to its original place—which he did at once and without hesitation.

Having completed his appointed task, Cameron sank exhausted in a arm-chair, exclaiming in a low voice, "I am done." Then, quite suddenly, he awoke, sat up, looked around him, and fixed his eyes interrogatively on Wyoming, who answered with a quiet nod. Then the silence which had fallen on the company, who, as Cameron had said, was broken, and the chorus of comments, questions, answers, expressions of admiration, were even as the "confused notes without" of the drama. This lasted some time, until the company, like tired soldiers, began to yawn, and to suppress "if it were possible," Mr. Cameron must be tired, and yet it was to go forth, and so forth. One young lady, who seemed not to fully understand the novelty of what she had just seen, wanted to know if Mr. Cameron could do a card trick next—she doted on tricks with cards.

"That gives me an idea," said Wyoming. "Cards suggest chess, you know. Have you a chess-board in the house?"

"Chess-boards—hey!" said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. "Heads of 'em—what—how many do you want?"

"One will be enough," replied Wyoming. "What is it for?" asked little Mrs. Vendale, in tones which were both hard and caressing.

Wyoming refrained from saying, "To play chess with," and to go forth, and so forth. One young lady, who seemed not to fully understand the novelty of what she had just seen, wanted to know if Mr. Cameron could do a card trick next—she doted on tricks with cards.

"You might at least tell me what you are driving at," said Cameron. "Then after a pause, he added, 'We might try it.'"

"This is what I propose, then," cried Wyoming. "To have the board on this table here

watched by two of the party while the third makes the moves."

"What moves?" asked Mrs. Vendale again. "The moves which will be conveyed by message from Cameron and myself, who will be each, respectively, shut up in a dark room, the two rooms to be as far from each other as possible."

"The audacity of the proposal so startled the assemblage that, scarcely anything was said until the arrangements were completed. A chess-board was placed on the table, in the center of the conservatory, and, aided by Lavinia, Mr. Bulstrode-Travis nervously arranged the pieces. Then he took an arm-chair alongside the table, and sat down to watch the game."

"I'll give you the choice of colors, as I suggested the game," said Wyoming. "I try to act like a white man, as my American says," Cameron replied, "and so I'll take them."

"Very well," Wyoming returned. "I'm quite satisfied with the black men; the colored troops can fight nobly, if need be."

Then Cameron and Wyoming were stationed in the dark room, each in a separate room, while one of the company remained with each of them, a third standing sentinel in the corridor between.

Lavinia, who was with Cameron, came back to the conservatory and made the first move for white—pawn to queen's bishop's fourth.

At this unconventional beginning Mr. Bulstrode-Travis smiled, and said, "Evidently we are to have a surprise-opening."

As Lavinia left the room to rejoin Cameron, Sir Kensington, who was Wyoming's messenger, entered the conservatory, and, walking to the table, made black's first move, knight to queen's bishop's third.

"A strange attack call for strange precautions," was the thought of Sir Kensington. Having made the move, Sir Kensington returned to Wyoming.

A few seconds after he had left the conservatory Lavinia reappeared with white's second move, queen to bishop's second.

"The queen looks out at the window," said Lavinia, smiling; she was almost as interested in the game as her father.

After Lavinia had disappeared, Sir Kensington returned, bearing black's retort, pawn to queen's fourth.

"Is this defense or defiance?" queried Frank Hardy, leaning over Lavinia's chair.

Then Lavinia came with Cameron's third move, knight to queen's bishop's third.

"Good!" cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. "We shall see all this meaning soon." And he watched eagerly the departure of Cameron's emissary and the arrival of Wyoming's, who moved a black knight to queen's fourth.

"Well, he takes the bull by the horns," was the instant remark of the chess enthusiast.

And so the moves followed, without any communication between the players, who remained each in his dark room, never speaking, except to whisper to his companion the move he desired to have made on the table in the conservatory.

This was more than a blindfold game, said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, as white's fourth move, queen to rook's fourth, was made, giving check. "It is a double blindfold game, complicated by the company, like the chess mystery, and I don't know which of the two is the more difficult."

hard of anything like it! Are you exhausted by the chess strategy?"

"It is wearing on the gray matter of the brain," Cameron replied, "but I shall get my breath in a minute or two."

"And you, Mr. Wyoming," said the host to the American, who returned with Lavinia. "You have played an absolutely unprecedented game in an absolutely unprecedented way. I confess that I don't see how you do it—what?"

"Really, I don't know that I could explain it exactly to your satisfaction," Wyoming answered. "I suppose that I can say that it is a reading of each other's mind."

"It must be a great convenience to be able to read other people's minds," said Lavinia. "I think I should like it."

"I'm sure that you would never find anything but pleasant thoughts towards you," Wyoming returned.

Her father was already moving across the conservatory to Cameron. "Thought-reading is applied to chess, and performed under test conditions, which precluded the possibility of deception—that's what I call it," he said, with oratorical emphasis.

"Well," Cameron replied quietly, "you may call it that."

"Is your friend a married man," asked Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, suddenly dropping his voice into a mysterious whisper.

"Wyoming! indeed no; he's a bachelor of the deepest dye," Cameron replied.

"No doubt, no doubt," said Lavinia's father; "but I don't think she thinks of him—and that is what's important, you know."

"Why? What do you mean?" Cameron asked.

"Look there," said Lavinia's father, with a gesture indicating Wyoming leaning over the young lady, in pleasant conversation. "I do not know that I should object."

"Object to what?" cried Cameron, in sudden alarm.

"Object to your friend for a son-in-law," said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. "He seems to be taken with her."

"I hope not," ejaculated Cameron. Then, recovering himself, he added: "I had a suspicion that Frank Hardy was rather attentive to her."

"But I do not think she thinks of him—and that is what's important, you know."

"Why? What do you mean?" Cameron asked.

"Did you read that in her mind?" asked her father, eagerly. "That would be very curious indeed, if true."

"Yes," Cameron rejoined gravely, "it would be very curious indeed. Then he saw his future—consult an oracle, in fact—was he to consult Wyoming to do the sort of thing for you?"

"To be sure," cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. You told me he was an expert. Do you know, I never saw him make a mistake."

"My friend has a method of his own, quite different from that which is in the books," Cameron explained. "I say, Steele," he cried, "Mr. Bulstrode-Travis would like to see you cast the stones."

Wyoming crossed the room and joined them. "And what is the question to which you seek an answer?" he asked.

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis hesitated; but Cameron, lowering his voice, responded for him: "The others need not know exactly the object of our question, but our host would like guidance in regard to his daughter's future husband."

"I see," the American rejoined. "Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Lavinia's father. "If you will kindly lend me your skill—what?"

"I will do what I can," Wyoming replied. "Have you a Virgil?"

"Lavinia, my dear, will you bring me the Virgil from the library?" It is in that long set of classic texts, to the left of the fireplace.

"I know where it is, papa," said his daughter, as she rose and left the room.

"And then I shall need a pack of cards," Wyoming said.

"A pack of cards—what?" echoed Mr. Bulstrode-Travis.

"There's a pack in the library," Cameron cried. "Hardy and I were playing piquet before dinner. I'll get them."

When Lavinia returned with the Virgil, Wyoming begged her to keep it for the moment. He requested everybody to sit down. It was with difficulty that he was able to keep Mr. Bulstrode-Travis quiet. In the end, however, the company had taken seats, Frank Hardy seizing the occasion to claim the place next to Lavinia. They were grouped in an irregular crescent, with Lavinia in the center, and her father on one of the horns.

And white came back with the cards. "I've looked over them, old man," he said. "I have no doubt that you will find them all right."

"Wyoming took the pack, and, running through it hastily, he selected twelve hearts, the ace to the ten, with the knave and queen."

"Have here," he explained, "twelve numbers, naming the knave as eleven, and the queen as twelve. There are twelve books of the 'Enchiridion.' I will shuffle these down cards, and

take them to Mrs. Vendale, and ask her to draw out a heart, and what it signifies."

"Must I choose without seeing what it is?" Mrs. Vendale asked.

"Take any one," answered Wyoming, fanning them out before her.

"Then, I select this one," she said, picking out the card which the American had kept persistently before her.

"It is the seven of hearts," she answered.

"The seven—a sacred number—a most fortunate choice," said Wyoming. "Now, Miss Lavinia, will you kindly turn to the seventh book of 'Enchiridion,' which has thus been dictated to us."

"I see—I see," commented the host. "You have found the book from which the mystic line is to be taken; but how do you find the line itself?"

"You shall see in a moment," responded the American. "I shall distribute five of these cards to different persons present—to Sir Kensington and Lady Gower, to Mrs. Vendale, to Hardy, and to you, Cecil. And I ask you to write down a number, any whole number you please between one and a hundred, without any consultation with each other."

In a minute more the five numbers were written. Wyoming went from one to the other, which he placed on the top of the pack. Then he went down the line to Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, and handed him five cards. To Frank Hardy, who was watching Wyoming's over the shoulder, he handed five cards from the bottom of the pack; but this was apparently a mistake, as the host took the five cards, saying, "And what am I to do with these cards?"

"You are to add them together in absolute silence," replied Wyoming; "and I must request that no one speaks until the result is announced. It is essential that there should now be nothing to distract the attention."

For a moment there was no sound to be heard save the scraping of a pencil in the hand of the host, as he copied the numbers out on one card and added them up.

"I make it two hundred and fifty-five," he said at last.

Then, and Wyoming spoke with his most impressive manner, he requested Miss Lavinia to turn to the two hundred and fifty-fifth line of the seventh book of the 'Enchiridion.' "I have seen," said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, "the most ingenious method, and absolutely free from any possible personal influence, as we all collaborated in bringing it about, although of course in different degrees."

"Do not disregard so solemn a message from the fates," the American rejoined gravely. "If your daughter will have this young Australian, the sooner you make the match the better."

And it came about, and in due season, the Morning Post announced that a marriage had been arranged between Lavinia, the only daughter of Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, of Redrose Hall, Flintshire, and Mr. Frank Hardy, who had recently returned from Australia. As there was no reason for delay the wedding was set for early in August.

It so happened that Cameron and Wyoming were in town when the wedding took place, and that they were invited to go to the railway station from which the young couple were about to start on their wedding tour. Both Frank and Lavinia felt that their happiness was due in a great measure to the effort of the two friends, and they were prompt in expressing their gratitude.

The young couple were in their carriage, while Cameron and Wyoming leaned in at the window. Already the guard's voice was heard, and the departure of the train was imminent.

"Tell me one thing," cried the bridegroom at last, as the train started, "how did you do it? That puzzle me over since."

Cameron and Wyoming laughed.

## DIRTY TOWNS IN FLORIDA.

Report of a Government Inspector About the Sanitary Condition of McClenny.

Washington Special. Surgeon-general Hamilton published last afternoon the official reports of several of the government inspectors who were ordered to visit cities and towns of Florida, and inform the Marine Hospital Bureau in regard to the prevalence of yellow fever, and as to their sanitary condition. One or two of these reports answer emphatically the question why they have yellow fever in some Florida towns. For instance, the epidemic has been very severe in McClenny, Baker county, Dr. Posey says:

"The general appearance of the town, which consists of perhaps one hundred stores and dwellings scattered over a rather large area, indicated a very wretched sanitary condition. The streets along the railroad track as well as others were covered with heaps of decaying sawdust and garbage of every description spread over them, drains obstructed and open lots overgrown with weeds and rank vegetation. The floors and platforms of the depot buildings, passenger and telegraph offices and their vicinity were covered with lime which had recently been thrown broadcast. A further stroll through the town revealed a similar deplorable sanitary state; the steps and front galleries and porches and premises of residences lavishly sprinkled with lime and the yards filled with accumulated garbage. No organized measures had been adopted by the local health authorities to even ameliorate, much less correct, this unsanitary state of their town. The water supply is generally obtained from wells at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet, and is of a quality which I consider very unwholesome, having experienced personally its disagreeable effects."

"The atmospheric condition resulting from such foul surroundings was fully prepared to propagate the infectious material which had been already introduced into the town and had been gradually developing since Aug. 1. I went from house to house and found the sick and dying huddled together in small rooms with windows and doors closed, the floors sprinkled with chloride of lime, carbolic acid and a variety of other disinfectants. The oppressive odor of disinfectants mingling with the close atmosphere of the sick-rooms, laden with emanations from the excreta and ejecta of the patients, together with the dreadful viages of the dying was shocking to every sense, and the scene was well calculated to appal the stoutest heart. I have seldom witnessed a more miserable and melancholy sight than that presented to my view in my house-to-house inspection through this desolate, scourge-went town."

Dr. Posey himself contracted the yellow fever at McClenny, but has since recovered.

Dr. J. S. Hartigan reports no yellow fever at St. Augustine or Tampa.

Girls in Trousers.

Atlanta Evening Telegram.

"What are they?"

"They are men, of course."

"No, they are not."

"Well, I declare, they are girls with breeches on!"

A crowd of people stood on a public road this morning near the cotton exposition mills and watched two buxom country lasses who had donned pantaloons and were helping their father dig potatoes. Their costume was peculiar and striking. They wore a basque, the back end of which answered for a coat tail, and their jeans pantaloons fitted as nicely as if cut out by a New York tailor. They did not seem to mind the rude crowd that stood out in the public road and stared at them. With breeches on, they moved about among the potato hills and clods of dirt with the ease and agility of a man. No cumbersome dress dragged in the dirt and caught on weeds and briars. In such a costume they did as much work as the old men, and may be more.

A farmer who came to the city this morning reported the matter at the Journal office. When the Journal man reached the place the girls had quit the field and gone to the house to prepare dinner. They had laid aside their masculine garments and were as womanly and as modest as thrifty housewives could be. After dinner they were to put on their pantaloons again and follow the plow the rest of the afternoon. Dresses are even more in the way when a woman is plowing than when she is digging potatoes.

This is a new move among farm girls. It will probably take like wild fire. There are many country lasses who are called upon to go out into the fields and help the men folk, and if their labor is doubled so account of the inconvenience of skirts, why shouldn't they wear pantaloons while working in the field?

For Appearance Sake.

Mrs. Bliffers—"An agent for a new burglar alarm was here, to-day, and I told him to call again when you were at home."

Mr. Bliffers—"Huh! Burglar-alarm! There is nothing in this house to steal."

"No, but when the neighbors hear we have fitted up our house with burglar-alarm they will think we have something to steal, my dear."